

blind date by reddieforlove

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Summary:

Mike is a waiter. Eleven is on a terrible date.

blind date

Author's Note:

This is just a scenario I couldn't quite let go so I tried my best at it. It's not my strongest writing but it's fluffy and cute at points so oh well.

It wasn't that Mike hated his job. It wasn't nearly as bad as it could be. The hours he worked weren't terrible and the owner of the restaurant was pretty flexible when it came to working around his school schedule. He got to work with his friends, which was great. There was just one thing that got to him. The most unpredictable aspect of working as a waiter. The customers. Sometimes they were great. Sometimes they were okay. Sometimes they were awful. In a lot of cases, the good outweighed the bad. But there were some days where Mike just couldn't shake the uneasy feeling in his gut that a rude diner gave him.

The girl sitting at the two-top was the opposite of bad. He hadn't even spoken to her yet but he knew from the way she held herself and how she smiled gratefully at Will when he sat her at the table that she would be a good one. Work long enough in the customer service industry and you started to get a sense about people. It didn't hurt that she was beautiful. Gorgeous, really. Her skin seemed to glow in the dim light of the room and her hair was styled into thick curls that were pinned just behind one ear by a delicate silver flower, the rest falling around her shoulders in a silky cascade.

Okay so maybe she was more than just a good customer. Mike rarely ever noticed them beyond their orders and how much they tipped but there was something about this girl that drew him in. So of course he saw when Will placed another menu on the other side of the table and handed her a wine list. Steeling himself back into the professionalism that he never should have stepped out of in the first place, he grabbed four drinks from the bar and placed them on his tray, dropping them at a table and promising to bring more bread. By the time he made it back out, she was standing and greeting a broad-shouldered, douchebag type.

The greeting was impersonal, a simple shake of hands before they were both sitting. Mike waited two full minutes before walking over to introduce himself. As soon as he made it to the table, she folded her menu and lifted her eyes to give him her full attention, smoothing her hands over the napkin already placed in her lap. The full force of her eyes was almost staggering but he could easily work on muscle memory. Mike made sure to glance between both of them, not wanting to show too much interest in the one side of the table he actually cared to look at. Chances were, it was the guy who would be paying his tip.

“Hi, how are you doing today?” he said, forcing a smile onto his lips.

“Good,” the girl said quietly, and her voice was just the perfect balance of soft and husky.

The guy didn’t say anything as his eyes swept over the wine list.

“My name is Mike, I’ll be your server today,” he said, pulling the pad out of his pocket. “Is there anything I can get-”

“Matt?” the guy said, finally bothering to look up at him. “We’ll take a bottle of your Vecina.”

Mike blinked at him, wondering how he could mess up a name that he literally just heard. His initial assumption was right, this guy was a dick.

“I’m actually allergic to red wine,” the girl piped up.

Troy didn’t look happy at that. Mike spoke before he could.

“We have a good selection of Rieslings,” he offered.

She gave him a small smile and nodded.

“I’ll take a glass of whatever Riesling you recommend and some water, please.”

He nodded, writing it down.

“Just a glass of the Vecina, sir?” he asked, knowing better than to be

anything but passively polite, even to dicks.

“Whiskey on the rocks,” the guy corrected him as if he should have known.

“Of course.”

Mike stowed away the pad and smiled up at them.

“I’ll get those started and give you a chance to look over the menu.”

As he walked away, he heard the girl start to say something only to get interrupted by her date, who was apparently desperate to discuss himself and only himself.

“I’ll trade your two-top for my twelve,” Max sighed as he approached the bar to put in the drink orders.

“Not a good idea,” Mike said, waiting for Lucas to finish making what looked like at least six Cosmos. “You’d pour the whole pitcher of water over this guy’s head.”

“An asshole, huh?” she said, peering over at the table without even trying to be subtle and letting out a snort as she did so.

“He looks like it,” Dustin piped up from Mike’s left, peering at them as well. “I can already tell that girl is too good for him.”

Mike silently agreed before inwardly scolding himself. He being paid to wait on people, not to pine over the customers. The next twenty minutes went by normally until he came to take their orders for dinner, asking about salads first before getting to the main course. The guy spoke first, of course, ordering a veritable feast before turning his attention on his date.

“Jane?” he said.

Mike could see her visibly flinch and her eyes narrowed slightly but she didn’t say anything.

“Just the petite filet, please,” she said, looking at Mike.

“The lobster is great here,” the guy told her.

Her eyes flitted to her date and Mike hated the amusement that he felt when he saw annoyance in her eyes.

“I don’t like lobster, Troy,” she said through almost gritted teeth as if she told him already once or twice before.

Troy the dick opened his mouth to say something else but Mike beat him to it.

“How would you like your filet cooked?” he asked.

“Medium,” Jane said, closing her menu a little forcefully before handing it up to him. “Thank you.”

“More bread,” Troy said before Mike could turn away.

“I’ll bring it right out,” he said, trying not to speak through clenched teeth as well.

By the time he made it back to the table with the fresh-out-of-the-oven bread, they seemed to be engaged in what looked like the world’s most awkward conversation. Well, maybe not for Troy. But Jane certainly looked like she was in pain. Mike felt bad for her but in equally wondered why she was on a date with a guy like this in the first place. Was there ever a redeeming quality about him that made her think it’d be a good date? As he passed by after bringing someone else their food, Troy was still talking about himself.

Mike rolled his eyes, wondering if he ever got tired of it. Without meaning to, he caught Jane’s eye and realized that she saw him do it. Her eyes were crinkled just a little bit at the corners and she looked like she was fighting back a smile. He ducked his head with warm cheeks, though there was a little bit more of a spring in his steps. A little while later, as he came to check on them, the conversation between the two seemed to lull and he took advantage of the pause.

“Is there anything else I can get you before the sala-”

“Yeah you could just fuck off for a while, Matt. We’re trying to have a conversation here, in case you didn’t notice.”

Mike stalled, aware that his mouth was open in shock as he was filled with anger and embarrassment. As tempting as it was to snap back that a conversation meant that both people had to talk, he managed to keep his lips sealed shut. Without looking at Jane, or else he would have seen the mixture of horror, sympathy, and anger on her face, Mike stammered out a half-assed apology before walking away to cool off in the kitchen. He was barely in there for a minute before Max flew through the doors with a grin on her face.

“Mike! There is some drama going down with the asshole,” she said, looking delighted.

He frowned, part of him wondering if Jane had gotten a hold of a steak knife. He certainly wouldn’t blame her for it. But when he walked out, what he saw was her standing by the table with a now empty water glass and a furious expression while Troy leapt from his chair with a shouted curse, a large wet spot on the crotch of his pants. After hissing something his way, Jane grabbed her purse from where it hung on the chair and finished off the rest of her wine before turning to walk out, every eye on her as she did so. As sorry as Mike was to see her go, he couldn’t help but grin at the thought of her dumping ice cold water on Troy’s lap.

Of course, the man in question chose that moment to look over at him and rage came over his face. Mike thought he might come at him with fists flying but instead he yanked out his wallet, threw a few bills onto the table, and flipped him off before walking away as well. The rest of the diners all buzzed with conversation in the aftermath of the dramatic scene. Mike asked Max if she would cancel the rest of the food for the table before walking over to see whether the amount Troy left even covered their drinks and appetizers. There was barely enough and no tip whatsoever, not that he was surprised. He didn’t really care either.

Witnessing Troy’s humiliation was good enough for him.

It was over an hour later, when the restaurant was starting to empty and all of the waiters were beyond ready to go home, that Dustin got Mike’s attention in a colorful way.

“Holy shit!”

They all looked up, not just Mike, and he had to stare at the front of the restaurant for a long few moments to understand what he was seeing. She was back. There was a coat buttoned up over her dress and her hair was a little ruffled but other than that she still looked perfect. And her eyes were fixed right on him. Mike forced his mouth to close as she said something to Will before pointing at him. His friend nodded and made a gesture that apparently gave her permission to walk back there because she did just that a moment later. The others stepped away, checking on customers or orders in the kitchen, leaving him all alone as she marched right up to him.

“Hi,” she said, almost sounding shy as she reached him.

“H-hey,” Mike said, unsure of what to do or say.

There was color in her cheeks, either from the cold or some strong emotion, and she was holding her wallet tightly in her hands.

“I’m really sorry,” she said, looking at him with a genuine apology in her eyes. “That was... terrible. You shouldn’t have had to deal with that.”

“I’ve had worse,” Mike shrugged off, surprised that she’d come back just to apologize to him.

She looked at him doubtfully.

“Did he even give you a tip?” Jane asked.

“Well... he flipped me off,” Mike said, rubbing at the back of his neck. “I guess that’s a kind of a tip.”

She looked torn between amusement and guilt, opening her wallet.

“Here,” she said, pulling out a twenty dollar bill.

“No, I don’t need that,” he said, reaching out to stop her.

She looked up at him with a frown, clearly not happy that he was refusing her.

“It’s the least that I can do,” she said.

“Jane?”

She flinched again at the name and shook her head, wrinkling her nose in a way that he really wished wasn't adorable.

“El,” she said, looking up at him. “Call me El.”

“El...” he said, briefly wondering where the nickname came from. “You didn't do anything.”

“Exactly,” she huffed, shaking her head. “I just let him talk to you that way. I let him talk to *me* that way. I don't usually do that.”

Maybe it was the fact that it was near the end of his shift or maybe it was her proximity messing with his mind, but Mike couldn't hold back the words that he spoke next.

“Why did you?”

El blinked at him with surprise, clearly not expecting the question.

“I, uh... he's a friend of a friend,” El said, her shoulders slumping a little. “It was a blind date.”

“Sounds to me like you need better friends.”

Her eyes widened as Mike inhaled sharply, realizing that his verbal filter was beyond broken right now.

“I'm sorry. That was wrong. I shouldn't talk to you like that,” he said, grimacing at his own stupidity.

To his surprise, there was a small smile playing on her lips when she spoke again.

“No you probably shouldn't,” El said, slipping her wallet into her purse without replacing the twenty dollars. “But you're right.”

Her answer emboldened him, which was the exact opposite of what he needed right now.

“You definitely deserve better dates,” Mike muttered, half hoping

that she didn't hear him.

"You think you could do better?"

He froze at her words, looking up at her only to see that she was staring at him curiously, her hands now in her jacket pockets.

"Than that mouthbreather?" Mike said, huffing out a laugh. "Yeah, anyone could."

He should have known that he was approaching dangerous territory but, to be fair, she wasn't throwing up any warning signs so it only drove him to keep going.

"Prove it," El challenged him.

"Are you-"

Before he got the chance to finish, she stepped forward and pulled the pen from his shirt pocket all while grabbing his hand in a smooth motion. Mike watched with wide eyes as she scribbled ten digits on his palm before recapping the pen.

"Call me," she said, tapping his nametag with the pen. "Mike."

He liked how she said his name, all soft and curious, as if she was testing out how it sounded and felt on her lips. She replaced his pen in his pocket before stepping away, smiling fully for the first time that night.

"I will," Mike said, getting a sudden burst of confidence.

"Good."

With that, she turned and walked out of the restaurant for the second time that night. Mike was surrounded in an instant once she was gone. Dustin called him a smooth son of a bitch as he inspected the number written on his hand. All that he could think was that somehow, she managed to slip the twenty dollars in his pocket along with the pen and knew that he wasn't the smooth one in this situation. Mike was perfectly fine with that. After all, he had a date with a pretty girl.

Author's Note:

I would love to hear what you think!